

Halo Reach: Detached Attachment

by Tear of Light

Category: Halo

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Jun-A266/Noble Three, SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-02-26 15:22:50

Updated: 2012-02-26 15:22:50

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:48:28

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,120

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jun watched as his teammates fell, one by one. People died so easily in war, Spartan or not. But when the time came for them to go their separate ways, Jun couldn't stop thinking about her. He could not let her fall too. Sequel to Refusal.

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Detached ***Attachment**

_**A/N**__:_ After mulling this idea around for months, I've decided to write another Halo Reach piece. This is a sequel to Refusal. I've done my best to keep things as close to the game as possible, though I've taken some liberties with characters and their personalities for this story._

_This __one__shot __is __unbetaed. __All __errors __are __mine.
__XD__

For those of you who left unsigned reviews after the completion of this fanfic, see my replies below:

_ didn't log in - Thanks for the review! I'm glad you enjoyed my story. I'm happy to know I got across all that I wanted with this piece. :)_

_ elite killer - Thanks for the comment. :) While I am interested in writing more Halo Reach stories, I really can't think of anything else to write on when it comes to this particular section of the Halo world. If I do later on, well, just check my profile for it. :)_

_ Sierra-046 - Thanks for the review. ^^ As much as I want to continue this story, I really don't see anything substantial continuing on from here. I'm very much a stickler for canon, and with such a rich and vivid world as Halo, I sadly can't picture another story which would keep to the reality of that world. But thanks for

the encouragement anyhow. :)_

_ Noble sixJun â€“ Thanks for the comments. :) I'm glad you enjoyed it. ^^_

_ **Warning:** There is some graphic scenes ahead. If you don't like that, now would be the time to close your browser or go to another page. You have been warned!_

_ **Disclaimer** : The characters and the worlds I write in do not belong to me. The stories that I write are intended for entertainment purposes. I do not make any money from them._

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><p>Summary: Jun watched as his teammates fell, one by one. Long ago he learned not to get attached to his targets, nor his teammates. People died so easily in war, Spartan or not. But when the time came for them to go their separate ways, Jun couldn't stop thinking about her. He could not let her fall too.

* * *

><p>Unspecified Location. October 18, 2552. 23:49 Hours.<p>

A lone figure occupied the poorly stocked medical bay, near the back of the top secret ONI base. Well two, if you counted the other currently unconscious in stasis. A multitude of wires and monitors kept a close eye on the second's vitals. The fact that they were still alive was unbelievable. While a Spartan's strength and prowess was legendary, only a miracle could have saved them from the abuse they suffered months ago.

* * *

><p>Aszod Ship Breaking Yards. August 31, 2552. 01:03 Hours.<p>

Banshees retreated from the sky as Covenant Supercarriers began glassing the planet. Even now the few remaining resistance pockets fought all out against lingering enemy forces, despite knowing their end was near. But Jun was not here for them. He came back specifically for one person. Her. He had to know what happened to her.

Spartan-A266 looked out the back of the Pelican, sniper rifle in hand as he scanned the air. Aside from the pilot manning the human flight worthy vehicle, Jun was alone. And it would have been only him had it not been for Dr. Halsey's surprising insistence that a pilot take him anywhere he wanted to go. With the good doctor safe in the hands of ODSTs, Jun considered his original mission complete and decided to undertake a mission of his own. It took him hours to race back here, figuratively speaking, and despite knowing it could all be over by now, that he'd find nothing left, he still had to try. He would not rest until he knew the truth.

The Pelican suddenly swerved right, the Spartan grabbing onto the wall quickly lest he fall out the open back. Turning to the pilot and

walking up to the front, Jun caught sight of a Covenant dropship heading back to space just before they flew behind one of Reach's rocky hills and out of sight.

"That's the third one leaving the area, Sir," the pilot said, upon Jun reaching the cockpit. "It seems someone's giving them a hard time."

Jun's lips twitched upwards slightly under his helmet. "I certainly hope so," commented the sniper. "How much longer until we reach the shipyards?"

"ETA seven minutes."

With a nod, Spartan-A266 went back to the back of the Pelican again, unlocking the safety of his sniper rifle. Those next seven minutes would be the longest seven minutes of his entire life.

* * *

><p>Aszod Ship Breaking Yards. August 31, 2552. 01:11 Hours.</p>

The red Zealot towered over the downed Spartan, the alien's arm back, preparing for the death blow. Grinning in victory, the Energy Sword darted towards the Spartan's exposed head, the Zealot laughing all the while.

BANG!

A guttural groan shattered the air, purple blood staining the ground. The Energy Sword dropped to the ground harmlessly next to the wounded Spartan, deactivating a moment later. Soon after, another shot rang out, silencing the red Zealot for good, its body crumpling to the ground with a thud. A fist size hole was punched through its head. The red Zealot's companions turned around in surprise, none of them seeing the shooter before they too met the dirt, dead. Then the engines of a Pelican roared into the area, followed by a thump of booted feet. There was the shuffling of dirt, and then a shadow over the downed Spartan.

"Six. Can you hear me?"

Hazy, pain-filled eyes looked up. A smile.

"Jun..."

Noble Six's smile was like a breath of air for Jun. Never did he think he'd miss such a thing. He had only seen her a few times without the helmet on, but those times were usually only passing glances as they passed each other in the hall when swapping places during guard duty. To see her now, up close like this, Jun instantly regretted not making an effort to talk to her more without her helmet on before now.

"Let's get you out of here."

Jun hoisted the mortally wounded Spartan off the ground, expertly walking around the mounds upon mounds of Covenant corpses surrounding her. He vaguely remembered seeing a few busted up Wraiths on his way back to the Pelican. How long had she been holding here, on her own,

Jun did not know. What he did know was that if he was to save her, he'd need to get Noble Six to a treatment facility asap.

Jun was no doctor, but even he could tell her injuries were bad. Plasma burns. Needle punctures. Even plasma grenade splash damage. You name it. Noble Six was in dire need of medical attention. The right side of her face was scorched with third degree burns. Her right arm was also mangled pretty badly, and would have to be re-augmented if not amputated and replaced with a robotic arm. There was a large gouge in her armor, from the right side of her ribs diagonally across to her left hip, blood pooling from the cut in the armor. Plasma burns scorched Six's armor black, the once silver coloured MJOLNIR Mark V armor scratched up beyond recognition. The fact that Noble Six was still breathing and talking was truly a miracle.

"Jun..." Noble Six said breathlessly. "Emile, he-"

"I know," the other Spartan replied emotionlessly. Jun already knew what befell Spartan-A239, Emile's dogtags half hanging out of Six's torn ammunition breast pocket. He quickened his pace back to the Pelican, where a nervous pilot waited to leave this place forever. The glassing had already begun. The Covenant ships would be coming by this way soon, and Jun didn't want to be here when they did.

"Carter-" A sputtering cough.

Noble Six shuddered in Jun's grasp, the sniper all but flying into the back of the Pelican snapping at the pilot to take off immediately.

"Shhh, don't talk," Jun said in a soft voice. He laid Noble Six down gently on the floor, before searching for a canister of biofoam to temporarily seal Noble Six's worst hemorrhaging. They were at least two hours away from the nearest UNSC facility, far-a-less a medical one at that. Jun could only hope his wounded team mate would be able to hang on for that long.

Noble Six wheezed for breath, groaning as the biofoam filled the fissure in her armor. Soon enough though, she was sighing in relief, getting a temporary respite from the pain as the biofoam numbed the immediate area. "Dr... Halsey...?"

"She's safe," Jun said calmly, again acting as if on autopilot.

"And... you?"

Jun stilled in his actions. Noble Six was incredible, in his opinion. Here she was, most likely dying, and all she thought about was everyone else but herself. An uneasiness settled in his stomach, something that had never happened before since becoming a Spartan. Jun tossed the empty canister of biofoam aside.

"I'm fine," he said in a tone which even surprised him. "Don't worry about that now. Just get some rest. It will be a long-"

"Jun."

Spartan-A266 found himself swallowing under Noble Six's exhausted gaze. Six's eyes were a deep brown colour, Jun swearing he could almost see flecks of gold in them too.

"Thanks for... coming back for me."

The sniper stared at Noble Six for a long few silent seconds, nothing being said between the two, yet everything understood. Reaching up and twisting his helmet to the left, the seals released with a hiss and the sniper set his helmet down on the floor next to him. "You didn't expect me to leave you there, did you?" A smile.

Noble Six chuckled, but quickly stopped that when she tasted blood. Jun reached over and intertwined his fingers with Six's good hand.

"Get some rest," Jun said, brushing sweat soaked hair for Six's face. "I'll be here when you wake up."

"Thanks... Jun..." Noble Six said, her eyes already drooping closed.

Jun swallowed again, never letting go of her hand for the entire flight.

* * *

><p>Unspecified Location. October 19, 2552. 00:05 Hours.</p>

Noble Six never woke up again, soon after slipping into a coma due to her grave injuries. Hours later, they would reach the ONI Medical Facility in orbit just before it was destroyed. In the brief hour that they were there, they stabilized Noble Six enough for her to be transported again. And for the next two months after that, Jun travelled with his comatose team mate, from facility to facility, getting her the proper medical treatment she deserved.

Dr. Halsey had been surprisingly supportive of Jun's efforts to revive Noble Six, overriding command authority at times, giving Jun access to all the available medical facilities in the area. Jun didn't know why the doctor was so invested in him or Noble Six (most likely she was interested in Six), but he knew better than to look a gift horse in the mouth. Yet despite their advanced technologies, and humanity's ability to create Spartans, Noble Six still did not awake.

She had lost too much blood before anything could be done for her. The medical technicians did all they could for her, healing her body. But after that, the rest was up to her. Even Dr. Halsey didn't have a clue as to why the Spartan remained unconscious. Nevertheless, Jun remained at her side the entire time, the pair now waiting for their transport to yet another facility to run some more tests.

"Sir?"

Jun turned his gaze away from Six's stasis tube at the sound of the voice.

"Colonel Holland is requesting to speak to you, Sir," the ODST at the door informed him.

Jun pursed his lips in annoyance, turning back to Noble Six. He now had a better appreciation of what Carter had to put up with when talking to the big wigs. It was times like these he missed his old Commander. "Tell him you don't know where I am."

"But Sir-"

Jun turned his cold, hard gaze towards the soldier who looked to be in his early twenties. The ODST swallowed nervously under the glare the Spartan was giving him, reluctantly saluting Jun and closing the door. With a sigh, Jun turned back to the unconscious Noble Six, pressing his armored hand against the glass.

"Don't worry, Six," the Spartan said. "I'm still here."

End
file.